

homesick by Val-Creative

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Joyce B., Max M.

Pairings: Max M./Eleven/Jane H.

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-07-08 17:14:27

Updated: 2019-07-08 17:14:27

Packaged: 2019-12-12 18:50:10

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 606

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Max and El have their own goodbyes before El moves away.

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Max doesn't think she's cried this much in her whole life. Not at her dad's funeral. Not at Billy's funeral only two months ago.

She clings onto El for much longer than expected, sniffing and gulping down loudly. Max's hands press up urgently to El's back. El cries too, but in a silent and rueful anguish, letting Max hide most of her face into El's flannel-shirt. This is her best friend. This is her best friend in the whole world and Max doesn't care if El lost her powers. She shouldn't have to leave.

Joyce, already inside the moving truck, taps on the horn. Gently. Like a reminder.

The sudden sound has Max startling upright, peering in disbelief as El wipes off her blotched, reddened face, tugging something off her wrist. A blue, sparkly hairband. Max doesn't remember a time she's ever seen El without the hairband.

"Take it," El whispers, prying open Max's hand.

Max shakes her head frantically, and there's more wet, glittering tears rolling down her cheeks.

"El, *no*—"

"Take it," she repeats firmly.

Max wants to protest, to scream and cry and rage, but she stares dumbfounded at El's tiny, loving half-smile and forgets everything else. It's how El looked at her when they read Wonder Woman comics aloud until midnight, and shared a vanilla bean swirled strawberry ice cream cone, and when Max impulsively covered her lips to El's mouth right before dawn. While they were surrounded by bright red, flashing ambulance lights and police and drenched by a thunderstorm. Barely for a second

They survived the Mind Flayer a second time. And she never wanted to lose El.

El's tears still feel like the warm July rain.

"I'll come back if you have it."

Their hands clutch on when El climbs into the passenger's seat, and the height strains Max's shoulder and arm. She's weeping. El weeps, and Joyce might not be paying attention. Max's heart sinks quickly as fingers loosen. She clutches onto El harder, using a stepping rail with her free hand. Max hoists herself up onto the truck's ledge, inhaling sharply and kissing the other girl.

Kissing her in the rain had been moist and tasted like sweat and blood. El's skin feels dry right now. Swollen-hot. There's mucus dripping out of El's nose and her eyes glow bloodshot, and Max doesn't think she's ever been more pretty.

Max keeps the tender, forlorn gaze for maybe 5.6 seconds, maybe forever, dropping down, their hands separating.

"You better."

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Stranger Things isn't mine. Requested by glove23 (FFN): "ELMAX GOODBYE SCENE?" LISTEN YOU WANTED THIS TO HURT AND THAT'S WHAT I DID OKAY SKSKSKSK where's my Elmax people hello ily I really do hope you were in the mood for so much angst I'm still sobbing over this season I would love to hear from you!

((Want a request for Stranger Things? I'm doing 100-500 word drabbles of any friendship or romantic ship + any prompt until I feel like quitting. Rules: you need to comment here and provide a friendship or romantic ship and prompt. Please do not ask for anything with Billy Hargrove. Thank you. The only requests I'll be looking at is if you ALSO commented about the fic you just read as well. It's only fair. You came to this fic to read it and me doing something for you later on is a sweet bonus!))